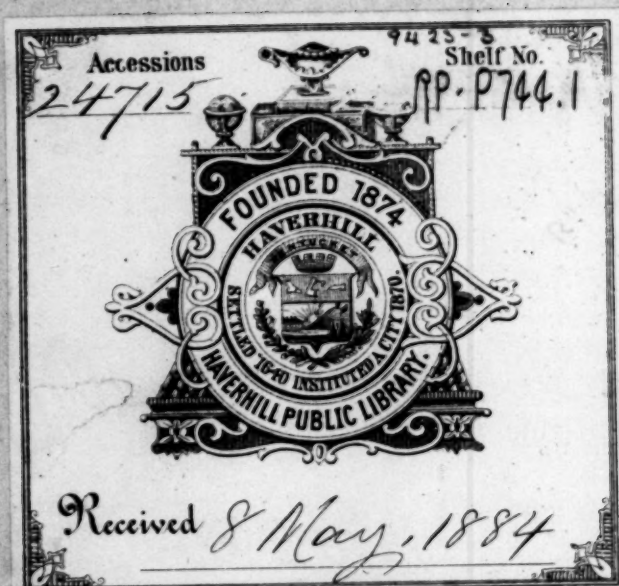


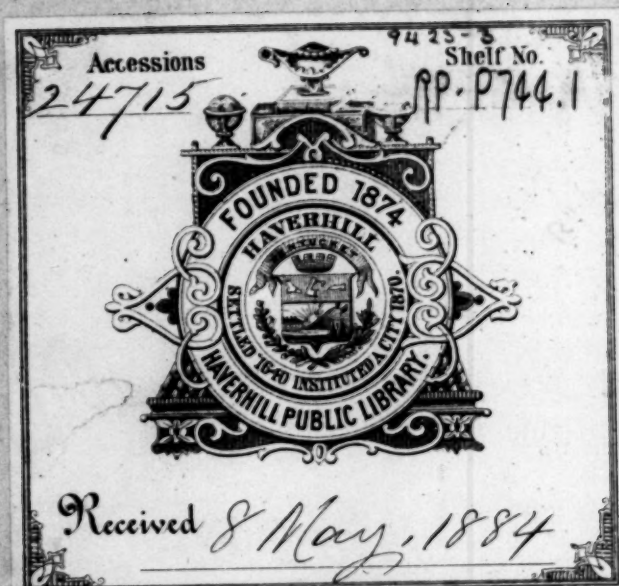
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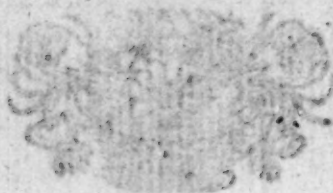
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LONDON:

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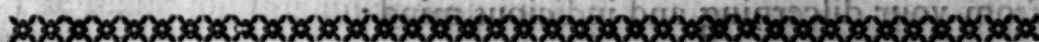
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## POEMS



# P O E M S

## V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.



To Miss . . .

**T**HE poets' custom usually has been,  
 For fear of criticks, often fraught with spleen,  
 To beg the aid of some distinguish'd man,  
 Whom they petition their new works to scan:  
 Then a few panegyrics on him pass,  
 And say he's learn'd, altho' he never was;  
 That he is virtuous, noble, gen'rous, brave:  
 A penetrating wit he too must have.  
 Such flatt'ring praises are too often found  
 Bestowed on him, only to redound  
 Upon the poets' works, and spread their fame,  
 Rather than honour their protector's name:

B

They

From

[ 2 ]

They then imagine they have nought to fear  
 From snarling criticks, or from prudes severe;  
 Though presumptuously they use his name  
 Without his leave, and are so very vain,  
 To think that he with justice can't refuse  
 To patronize, and to protect their muse.  
 I, to conform myself, tho' with some pain,  
 To custom's rule, and perhaps not less vain,  
 Presumptuously have dar'd t' inscribe to you  
 \* The first essay your poet ever knew;  
 And humbly hope it will protection find  
 From your discerning and judicious mind:  
 Not from those merits that in it you'll view,  
 But from those merits that reside in you:  
 Tho' custom bids me my protectress praise,  
 Thereby t' induce her to patronize my lays;  
 It was not that—'twas merit induc'd me  
 To say you're prudent, affable and free;  
 With ev'ry virtue, unadorn'd with art,  
 That forms the friendly, sympathizing heart,  
 Which leads you to regard the will,  
 And prize th' intent more than the donor's skill:  
 For I assure you, nothing more was meant  
 Than to endeavour something to invent  
 Worth your perusal, which was all my view;  
 How much I've fail'd in work, I leave to you.  
 Tho' many, many faults, you'll in it find;  
 To all these faults your goodness will be blind:

From

\* The following poem on Vauxhall.

From that, and that alone, I rest assur'd,  
No fear on that account need be endur'd.

Amongst the knights, who famous were of old  
For acts of chivalry, which are inroll'd  
By him whose works perpetuate his fame,  
A faithful scribe, whom we † *Cervantes* name,  
An antient custom always did prevail,  
In which their tenets bid them never fail,  
Before they undertook a dang'rous feat,  
To beg assistance at their lady's feet;  
Or else invoke their names—and I suppose  
The reason of this invocation was,  
That as their heart was in their lady's care,  
They were oblig'd to supplicate the fair,  
To lend it them awhile, which till they'd got,  
Towards any danger durst not move a jot:  
They only hop'd with pity she would hear,  
(Indeed I think they reason had to fear;  
For who could fight, or act the hero's part,  
While he was not the keeper of his heart?)  
And promis'd to return it her again,  
Fraught with the conquest of whole troops of slain,  
Of doughty knights, and giants not exempt,  
Or else to perish in the grand attempt.  
Romance and fable may say what they please,  
But sure those feats could ne'er be done with ease,  
While that the knight was of his heart bereav'd;  
No, rather I fain would have it believ'd,

† The author of *Don Quixote*.

The lady, jealous of her knight's success,  
 Not only deigns with his own heart to bless,  
 But in such cases adds her own :  
 Suppose this so, it may indeed be done ;  
 If you'll allow the lady's heart has got  
 Sufficient courage for to help him out ;  
 Firmly persuaded, that without his heart  
 The hero would but poorly act his part.  
 I therefore am oblig'd to supplicate  
 For what I dare not say, the book of fate  
 Commands my presence in a foreign land ;  
 And I am bound by the unerring hand  
 Of providence, who knows what's best for all,  
 And does it, tho' contrary to the call  
 Of corrupt nature, which oft makes us see  
 Those things as pleasant, that would hurtful be ;  
 And what to us the most distasteful seem,  
 Are often found calm, pleasant, and serene.  
 Persuaded of this, I have nought to fear,  
 Tho' many, many dangers seem approaching near.  
 It may, it must be happiness to me,  
 Since fix'd by fate, and heaven's wise decree,  
 Tho' not apparent to my feeble sight,  
 " One truth is clear ; whatever is, is right. "


 VAUXHALL. A POEM.

*Occasioned by the Author's going there, with his Friend, in the year 1755; being the first time of their seeing that place, and written within a fortnight after.*

NO sooner were our backs to bus'ness turn'd,  
But in our minds th'ensuing pleasure run:  
As we sat musing in the hollow boat,  
The murm'ring streams did strengthen ev'ry thought;  
And our expecting fancies painted strong  
The blissful scenes amidst the num'rous throng.

As the expecting lover, who yet ne'er see,  
But often heard of, the amiable she;  
And oft had seen the picture of the fair,  
Which pleasing much, wish'd with her might pair:  
Thus we such thoughts of Vauxhall entertain'd,  
When waterman cry'd out, the shore was gain'd;  
Lightly we stept upon the steady shore,  
And said the waterman his fare, *no more*.  
We then with joy began to mend our pace,  
And soon after reach'd the expected place;  
Which, like th' *infernal gates* \*, of which you've read,  
Were guarded safe, but only with two heads;

\* This alludes to Cerberus, the porter of Hell, who, according to the heathen mythology, is said to have three heads.

That

That none might enter there, without they came  
 With purse in hand for to increase their gain.  
 First having paid what they of us requir'd,  
 We're kindly welcome to the place desir'd,  
 And were admitted to this blissful scene,  
 Which us of all our thoughtful cares did wean.  
 As soon as e'er within the walls we got,  
 Our minds were hush'd, and all our cares forgot;  
 We then began to think of nought but pleasure,  
 And made some observations at our leisure,  
 Which you shall hear, if I have time to write:  
 Which grant, ye gods, and help me to indite.

The first inviting object that we saw,  
 Was a full-dress'd fair in a pink bashaw;  
 Whose sloping hoop, such we ne'er saw before,  
 From point to point was full five yards, or more;  
 Who shot along, as I have often seen  
 The steady swallow flying near the stream;  
 But the swift swallow, and the lady fair,  
 Had diff'rent views in cutting thus the air:  
 The first, thus flying, only seeks for flies;  
 The other, flying, hopes to catch men's eyes:  
 We then observ'd the table-cloths were spread,  
 And the expecting waiters stood prepar'd;  
 With arms across they the white napkin hugg'd  
 Under their arms, as they attentive stood:  
 Then walking on, we observed many more  
 Of the same class which we had seen before;

But

But silent they all were, which shew'd their wit,  
 Not like the busy folks in Monmouth-street.  
 We then walk'd forwards, and we soon perceiv'd  
 A gaudy structure (if we're not deceiv'd)  
 Built in the Chinese taste, as some folks say  
 Is now the fashion with the great and gay;  
 In front of which there's an orchestra plac'd,—  
 Excuse the name, I know not which is best,  
 That, or a music-loft, it is all one,  
 The same in sense, tho' not in word or sound,—  
 In which sweet music of all kinds is plac'd,  
 That they make use of in this charming place;  
 And in midst of which sweet Miss \* Burchell sings,  
 Who makes the woods resounding echoes ring;  
 And all the rest who famous for that art,  
 Subservient take their turns, and act their part.  
 And after we had gaz'd on ev'ry side,  
 And tir'd ourselves, we then did turn aside  
 Towards the still wood, which to us in part  
 Seem'd form'd by nature, and in part by art.

And now, ye Nine, instruct me how to sing  
 The woods, walks, groves, and ev'ry pleasing thing:  
 How Sol recedes, and with his golden rays  
 Gilds the stately trees, and on all displays  
 Its glimmering light, shining like liquid fire;  
 Surpriz'd we stand, and all the wood admire.

\* Miss Burchell is now married to Mr. Vincent, and generally sings at Marybone for the summer season.

Now all was hush'd, and gentle zephyrs still,  
 All seem'd t' acknowledge their dread Maker's will.  
 The stately trees, whose bushy tops were made  
 For man, does form agreeably a shade ;  
 On whose high tops the nightingale does sing,  
 The thrush, and blackbird makes the woods to ring.  
 The warbling linnet, and the shrill-tun'd lark,  
 Join chorus for to calm the flinty heart.  
 Such scenes as these are pleasing to the soul,  
 Soften the heart, and animate the whole.  
 With these ideas in our minds fix'd strong,  
 Around we look'd, and gently walk'd along.  
 The object first of which we notice took  
 Was an arch'd roof, which like a rock did look.  
 You'll hear anon how this great scene was mov'd,  
 Behind there lay conceal'd a scaly flood ;  
 Then walking forwards, to seek for something new,  
 A scene of ruins next appear'd in view ;  
 And after that a scaffold high uprear'd  
 At th' end of house ready to be repair'd.  
 With such pleasing scenes were we entertain'd,  
 Until with easy steps the walk we gain'd,  
 Where lofty elms their bushy tops did meet,  
 And with embraces do each other greet.  
 Then walking forward in a thoughtful mood,  
 On left a walk invites ; on right a wood.  
 But on a sudden we surprized were  
 With sound of music tinkling in our ear ;

When

When looking forward, we did soon perceive,  
 All strove with eager haste the walks to leave;  
 And we too, like the rest, towards the sound  
 Did steer our course, and sweet Miss Burchell found,  
 Who, like the artful Sirens, fam'd of old  
 For empty pleasures to ensnare the bold,  
 Was warbling o'er her sweet attractive lays,  
 Heedless of censure, without thought of praise:  
 But when melodious music help'd the fair,  
 Resounding echoes 'gan to rend the air:  
 This rais'd our minds above the lofty skies;  
 Now charm'd we gaz'd, and with extended eyes,  
 And mouths half ope, awhile attentive stood,  
 The sound to hear still echo in the wood;  
 So charming did the sweet Miss Burchell sing,  
 That long after in our ears did ring  
 Her late-heard voice.—At length, with curt'sy low,  
 She ended; loud claps ensu'd, for 'tis so  
 The noisy mob, when pleas'd, say yes, or no.

Now Sol, late set, withdrew itself apace,  
 And lamps were lighted to supply its place;  
 Whose numbers, aptly fix'd, were all around  
 So close, that want of light was no where to be found:  
 Whose radiant light adds beauty to the place,  
 Cheers the joyous throng, and shines on ev'ry face.  
 We then retir'd unto a place, where we  
 Sat down to rest near to a stately tree;

C

And

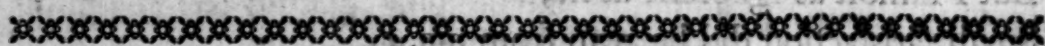
And to the waiter, to whose lot we fell,  
 We call'd aloud, instead of ringing bell;  
 And to encourage our own native produce,  
 We bad him bring a bottle of the juice  
 Of red-streak'd apples, which commonly is known  
 By name of cyder, a produce of our own.  
 But suddenly the alarum bell did ring,  
 To give us notice of some great thing,  
 As we suppos'd; and run with eager haste  
 To catch the throng, who steer'd towards the place;  
 And presently did reach the bushy wood,  
 Where just before the ragged rock had stood,  
 But now to us appear'd \* a scaly flood. }  
 Over whose glitt'ring streams a stately bridge  
 Was built, and on the right and left a ridge  
 Of ragged rocks were seen; down whose high tops  
 The water with precipitation drops;  
 Whose shatter'd waves do at the bottom join,  
 To form a reservoir they all combine:  
 Whose watry plain, enclosed on three sides  
 By ragged rocks, the fourth the bridge o'erstrides,  
 Under whose arches the waste water flows,  
 And still does murmur, as it rapid goes, }  
 As if still rememb'ring the rocks' rude blows.  
 Just above which, a water-mill is plac'd,  
 Which here was fix'd this charming piece to grace:  
 The lamps were lit, and ev'ry wave look'd bright,  
 And shone reflected by the radiant light.

At

\* The cascade, as it then was; but it is now much improved, the scenery being new.

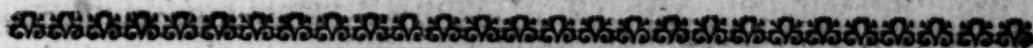
At this grand scene my friend astonish'd stood,  
 Surpriz'd to see such wonders in the wood:  
 Tho' plain he saw, could scarce believe his eyes,  
 Such were his thoughts, and such his great surprize.  
 Whilst in amaze we both attentive stood,  
 The scene was dropt which hid from us the wood;  
 We both were charm'd, and fill'd with great surprize,  
 To see how subtle art with nature vies.  
 My friend desir'd, if possibly I cou'd,  
 T' expound the same, we walk'd into the wood:  
 But I almost as ignorant as he,  
 Small satisfaction did he reap from me.  
 No sooner in the dark walks were we come,  
 But both our minds on poetry did run:  
 We straight began some verses for to make,  
 And each his turn alternately did take,  
 Until we arrived at the place where we  
 Did leave our cyder, near th' aforesaid tree;  
 Then sitting down awhile ourselves to ease,  
 At length got up, to see if aught did please,  
 By us unseen; happ'ning on right to look,  
 We saw that of which we'd no notice took.  
 It was a stately structure like a dome,  
 Built in the Chinese taste, in which there's room  
 For some hundred folks; but we both suppose  
 It's used only for to save their cloaths,  
 In case the once-bright sky should chance to low'r,  
 And, looking black, presage th' approaching show'r.

Awhile we stay'd, this charming place to view,  
 Then walk'd around, to seek for something new;  
 But nought we found, but what we'd seen before,  
 So that, well pleas'd, we went and paid our score.  
 Now sable night reminds us of our home,  
 And we reluctant straight away did come.  
 So now, ye woods and silent groves, farewell;  
 For we no longer here can safely dwell,  
 But must to London now direct our course,  
 And with diligence gain the time we've lost.



*The author having been often asked by his friend, for a copy of  
 the poem on Vauxhall; he sent him a copy, with the follow-  
 ing Dedication.*

ACCEPT, my friend, your poet's early lays;  
 And if his merits claim, then give him praise.  
 Conscious that many faults you here will find,  
 To these, he hopes, your candour will be blind.  
 'Tis yours, my friend, to write with elegance and ease,  
 With all the charms of poetry to please.  
 Your taste for manly science how refin'd!  
 What great ideas fill your boundless mind!  
 Had cruel fortune but vouchsaf'd to hear,  
 And plac'd you in a more extensive sphere,  
 Then with superior lustre would you shine,  
 Like the bright diamond polish'd from the mine.  
 Merit, I hope, will not neglected lie,  
 Nor you without the smiles of fortune die.



*To the AUTHOR,*

*On his dedicating the Poem on Vauxhall to J. S.*

TO minds distress'd, which inly moan,  
And pine with silent grief,  
Which tread the gloomy shades alone,  
And proudly scorn relief;  
The fond attempt to ease their mind,  
Their clouded brow to cheer,  
Creates (while they esteem it kind)  
The melancholy tear.

In vain, with partial hand, you raise  
An altar to their fame;  
Their parts extol, their genius praise,  
Or eternize their name:  
While fortune frowns, the prospect lours,  
And dismal wastes appear;  
No joys beguile the tedious hours,  
Or gild the sable year.

So 'tis with me, my much-lov'd friend,  
Tho' I your gift approve,  
And most esteem it, where you send  
Your wishes fraught with love\*.  
Yet dark foreboding views arise,  
Fierce pangs I now endure,  
Which tender pity, mild advice,  
Nor friendship's balm can cure.

\* The dedication.

\*\*\*\*\*

The E S S E X J O U R N E Y.

In a LETTER to \* \* \* \* \*.

*Containing an Account of a JOURNEY from London to  
Hedinghamfible in Ffsex.*

**T**HE night that we parted I lay full of sorrow,  
And tumbled, complain'd, and sigh'd till the morrow:  
When call'd by the man, after four, we arose,  
Got ready our bundles, put on our old cloaths:  
Trudging thro' the dark streets, the Cross-keys we approach,  
Where the horses already were put to the coach;  
Our bundles dispos'd of, each mounted his place,  
And away drove the coach with a very slow pace.

Two long dirty miles brought us safely to Bow,  
Whose bridge parts the counties above and below;  
Then to Stratford we came, some talk'd and some snor'd,  
And we pass'd by the sign of the Hand and the Bird:  
This house is made famous (you've heard, I suppose)  
By a song that was made on Tom Jolly's nose.

The light now increas'd, and we fairly could ken  
What our company was, whether women or men;  
For before, by their voices we could not perceive,  
And 'twas too dark to see a hood, hat, or sleeve.  
Three men and one woman with child we espy'd,  
My friend he sat backward, and I by his side;  
And many discourses from each of us flow'd,  
Which did in great measure deceive the bad road.

At eight we reach'd Rumford, a village well known  
 For the numbers of swine it sends up to town;  
 Known also to fame, for hither folks come  
 To merchandize calves, or new-bottom a bum.  
 As we pass, lies a pond on the left of the road,  
 Where the turbulent scold, or the whore, or the bawd  
 Found their merits rewarded, when plac'd in the stool  
 That formerly us'd to hang over the pool.

Here onwards a house comes in view, of great fame,  
 That took from our glorious \* Queen Bess its odd name:  
 She once at this house paid a visit, we're told,  
 (Sure queens are now quite of a different mould)  
 At this juncture the lord you may swear was not scanty,  
 For of wine and good cheer there was such a plenty,  
 And with bumpers of hock without number I ween  
 Her attendants so oft drank a health to the queen,  
 That reeling about, and drunk beyond measure,  
 Not a soul could attend on her majesty's pleasure.  
 Says the queen, in good-humour, "what call you this dome?"  
 "Why 'tis only an house, and my master's home,  
 "Where he's glad to see you, and the good folks that come."  
 "Then, gad's death," says the queen, "remember you call  
 "Hereafter this house of your lord's † Giddy Hall."  
 Now the clock had struck eight, half an hour, and no more,  
 When we came to Hare-street, and stopp'd at a door,  
 Where the cakes, that 'tis fam'd for, fond mothers buy  
 To please naughty babes, when they happen to cry;

There

\* Queen Elizabeth.

† Giddy Hall was formerly the property of Sir Joseph Eyles, and now of Governor Bunyan.

There all being hungry, we thought it was best  
To refresh with a breakfast, and half an hour's rest.

Some coffee and tea, with a thick butter'd toast,  
Were instantly brought us by the maid of our host,  
Who this morn was so cross, so sour, and ill-natur'd,  
That I verily believe a nettle she'd water'd.  
But my friend's raillery quickly drove off the storm,  
Who said she was Venus, in beauty and form;  
And, whether blue eyes were in fashion, or not,  
The eyes of a goddess she surely had got:  
The toasts then he prais'd, made some coffee himself,  
All which brought a smile on this ill-natur'd elf.  
For the sport she had caus'd we gave her some brass,  
And remounting our seats, on our journey did pass.

Then jogging along, Epping Forest we cross,  
Where unus'd stands a gallows, that mourns for its loss:  
Thro' Brentwood we drove, a town clear and even,  
And reach'd Ingatestone, where we din'd by eleven:  
A buttock of beef and two chickens we had,  
The ale was quite sour, and the port very bad;  
This insensibly led us to the common discourse,  
Why travellers on foot, or in coach, or on horse,  
Have never the best that the house can afford,  
Be they never so grand, or a knight or a lord;  
Their design, says my friend, is to get what they can,  
For who knows when this road we shall travel again?  
Here we treated the woman with what was her share,  
( 'Tis a compliment travellers pay to the fair)

And

And by twelve we set out on our journey again,  
 Then I and my friend cut our jokes with the men;  
 For talking of farming, and this thing or that,  
 The woman (God blefs her) fell asleep with the chat.

Now crossing a bridge, over which stands a jail,  
 We reach'd Chelmsford by two, where we call'd for some ale.  
 Here twice in a year my lord judge is sent down  
 To view our large troop of justices all in this town;  
 Then criminals are try'd—some escape, and some swing,  
 As the facts are made clear that the evidence bring:  
 But ev'ry quarter these 'squires are made judges themselves,  
 When they sit on the *right* of fatherless elves;  
 Make the settlements firm of such naughty wenches,  
 And determine on all other petty offences.

At such a time to be present, you'd easily find,  
 That Justice's scales are held by folks really blind.  
 Now the clock had struck five, when to Bocking we came,  
 A place for its traffic in wool of great fame;  
 The poor here are fleec'd, and the rich are quite dull,  
 For their heads, like their hands, go a gath'ring of wool.  
 Here we drove to (the sign is now out of my head)  
 But we might have drove further, and had been worse sped.  
 By a ladder, with caution each came to the ground,  
 And discharging the coachman, our bundles we found.

To a room we were shown, not gaudy or nice,  
 And the man—'twas the maid, made a fire in a trice.  
 In the front (for my landlord's a whig) might be seen  
 The prints of Sir Bob\*, Nassau†, our king and the queen;

\* Sir Robert Walpole.

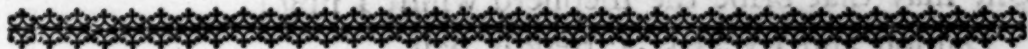
† King William.

Neither wainscot or tap'stry here cover'd the walls,  
 As they do in your dining-rooms, parlours and halls;  
 All around they were clay, but white-wash'd in their prime:  
 Reflect here I pray on the ruins of time;  
 For tho' on both sides the young folks of the city  
 Had commended their flames in verses full witty,  
 Yet Arachne's fine nets she had set to catch flies,  
 Were so loaded with dust that threaten'd our eyes;  
 And the smoak from the fire, and cracks without number,  
 Made it look like a room they had us'd for old lumber.  
 The maid brought us a negus, well sugar'd and hot,  
 Which to tell you we'd order'd at first I forgot.  
 I advanc'd to the lady that carry'd the load,  
 "Ma'am, *your health*; you're welcome thus far on the road."  
 Here bridling her head with an air *du nouvelle*,  
 She curtsy'd so low, that I thought she had fell;  
 When striving to catch her, as was my design,  
 I dawb'd all my cloaths and the floor with the wine:  
 She drank to my friend, with, "Sir, if you please,  
 "Here's my service to you, and a health to all these."  
 Thus went the jug round, till the bottom appear'd,  
 And the horses being ready, the reck'ning we clear'd:  
 We mounted our nags, with a servant behind us,  
 That if either of us fell, he surely might find us:  
 The moon shining bright, and the road being even,  
 We with our luggage reach'd Sparrow's by seven,  
 Where all were in health, and ask'd after their friends:  
 Thus our journey from London to Hedingham ends.

For

For I think 'tis now proper to found a retreat,  
Lest like us you should tire with a journey so great.

What pleasures we here have, how pleas'd and how gay,  
What prospects the hills and the vallies display;  
With what friends of both sexes we often are blest,  
How often we dance, and how often we feast;  
All these must be left to a time of more leisure,  
When a brim-full account shall be sent of our pleasure.



*Written extempore to a friend in distress.*

**Y**OU may as well prevent the lion's roar,  
And bid the mighty torrents not to pour,  
Or stop the raging of the stormy sea,  
As ease the mind with vain philosophy,  
That grief subdues, or anxious cares distract;  
Not reason then controuls, but passions act:  
At length the passions yield to reason's sway,  
And Hope to Happiness points out the way.

\*\*\*\*\*

*The* HUNTING. A PASTORAL.

DAMON and LYCIDAS.

DAMON, an am'rous swain, was pleas'd to say,  
 Sylvia knew how to chant in rural lay.

Damon commands, with Damon then begin;

Oh, may that bribe the shepherd whilst I sing!

Damon and Lycidas, a friendly pair,  
 On the same plain attend their fleecy care;  
 The power of herbs full well the shepherds knew,  
 Could tell their names, and in what soil they grew.  
 —The sun was rais'd to his meridian height,  
 And smil'd impartial on the mean and great;  
 Nature, said Lycidas, and she must sway,  
 Now calls for aid amid the toils of day;  
 Below in yonder vale my shed is plac'd;  
 Homely, yet warm; neat, yet not vainly grac'd;  
 The call obey—with me awhile retreat;  
 Daphne shall boil some herbs in soup to eat.  
 My buxom sister Daphne oft you've seen  
 Dance to the shepherd's pipe on yonder green;  
 While she has taught the feather'd cork to fly,  
 Oft at the girl you've cast a glancing eye.  
 Around here faithful *Briek* \* a guard shall keep,  
 And watch awhile our fav'rite flocks of sheep.

—Damon

\* The dog.

—Damon consents, adown the hill they go,  
 And found refreshments in the vale below;  
 Here, while defended from the pow'r of Jove,  
 Damon with pleasing notes amus'd his love:  
 His strains were envy'd by the rural throng;  
 Pan taught him, and Pan listen'd to his song.

But lo! the nimble hounds, from yonder hill,  
 With joyful cries the neighb'ring vallies fill,  
 The sport young Damon pleas'd;—for well he knew  
 The hare through all her windings to pursue:  
 Oft as he watch'd his sheep, at early day,  
 He 'spy'd the traces of her puzzled way.—

—The song breaks short—up start the eager swains,

And meet the hounds descending to the plains;

—Damon, thro' haste, the warbling pipe mistook,

What will not haste?—and bore it for his crook.

Here at a loss was each sagacious hound,

For tim'rous pufs had swiftly trod the ground:

Backwards and forwards, and around they went,

'Till Rockwood hit upon the pleasing scent;

All join the merry cry, and urge their speed;

With ears erect swift scours the nimble steed:

Damon and Lycidas together rush,

Fearless of gate, or ditch, or thorny bush.

—Now in the midst of all, forth starts the prey,

Where hid in weeds, and shrunk in bulk, she lay:

Here, tir'd and spent, o'erpower'd and out of breath,

The panting creature falls a prey to death.

—The winding horn the dread alarm resounds,  
And all the jovial crew commands the hounds :  
—The two pleas'd swains their sheep returning fold,  
And trudging homewards their diversions told.

This truth of both was known on every hill,  
That mirth and care they join'd with prudent skill.

[illegible]

PARAPHRASE *on the* EIGHTEENTH PSALM.

WHAT art thou, Happiness ! and in what ground ?  
How often talk'd of, yet how seldom found ?

The rich want means to buy thee, and the poor  
Rashly o'erlook, and throw aside the ore ;  
The wise want knowledge to direct the way,  
And in the open road the foolish stray.

Lur'd by thy charms, how greedily we run,  
And seem to see thee flaming as the sun!

It when we think the bliss before our eyes,

and just within our reach the lucky prize,

son-like, we open our longing arms,

and catch a cloud for Happiness's charms.

But there's no mortal,—none of us but knows

the smarts of sorrows, and the pangs of woes ;

bad varieties exert their rage,

blacken life thro' every stage?

—What

—What then must wretches do, and whither steer,  
 To shun their dangers, and prevent their fear?  
 Where is their help, and where must mortals run,  
 To beg for comfort, and be not undone?  
 —Where?—but to HIM, who rules the earth and sky,  
 He has the power to aid, and won't deny:  
 He form'd our fabrick, fashion'd us for bliss,  
 And we are culpable, if aught's amiss:  
 If we but ask, his comforts he'll bestow,  
 And pour his blessings to us all below.  
 Compass'd with griefs, and all beset with fear,  
 My cries that gracious Being deign'd to hear.  
 The hills were shaken at his awful nod,  
 And nature's basis trembled at her God:  
 Forth from his nostrils issu'd clouds of smoke,  
 And senseless clouds blush'd fiery as He spoke;  
 Triumphantly as he descends, th' heavens bow,  
 And darkness at his presence fled below;  
 Instinct with life, self-mov'd the heavenly car,  
 And on the wings of winds he rode afar;  
 The summon'd waters and the clouds obey,  
 To veil the bright effulgence of his way;  
 For should the blaze of glories quite unfold,  
 What mortal eye could e'en from far behold?  
 Soon at the lustre all the clouds retire,  
 And instantly are chang'd to hail and fire;  
 On either side his fiery arrows fly,  
 Dart thro' the clouds, and gleam along the sky;

In

In thunder all around his voice was heard,  
 And men fled hopeless, and his justice fear'd :  
 Nature too sicken'd, and expected death,  
 E'en at the blast of his consuming breath.—

'Twas then He cast a look on me below,  
 And snatch'd me dying from a sea of woe ;  
 'Twas then He freed me helpless from my grief,  
 (None but th' Almighty could have brought relief)  
 A large reward with open hand he gave ;  
 Why should he favour thus his meanest slave ?  
 —But as frail flesh could strive, I always strove  
 To keep the ways of God, and gain his love ;  
 His rules and laws were ever in my fight,  
 And all his statutes I pronounc'd were right :  
 For this perhaps with God the wretch prevail'd,  
 He did whate'er he could, altho' he fail'd.

Mercy they'll find, who in his paths have trod,  
 And upright men shall find their upright God ;  
 He to the pure his purity shall show,  
 But froward men his frowardness shall know :  
 The low he'll raise, and give them heav'nly crowns ;  
 But the proud looks shall sink beneath his frowns :  
 The saint his smiles, th' unjust his wrath shall feel,  
 And as we've dealt, our judge with us will deal.

This mighty God illumin'd my dark way,  
 And led me forth amidst the light of day :  
 By him my load of sorrows I subdue,  
 And think, oh comfort ! I shall feel no new.

His

His perfect way already have I try'd;  
 In him I trust, my sure defence and guide:  
 Girded with strength from him, I cannot fall;  
 The strength of all things, and the Lord of all.

Why should'st thou then, my soul, be yet dismay'd?  
 Why shrink within me, and why yet afraid?  
 Let earthly griefs each other's aid engage,  
 And pour at once upon me all their rage;  
 Thou'lt still find comfort in this dismal state  
 To bear the shock, and smile beneath the weight:  
 Trust but in him, whence human comfort flows,  
 Calmness in joys, in sudden griefs repose.  
 In evil hours to this sure harbour flee,  
 Which guards with equal strength a prince or thee:  
 And let me speak as I have always found,  
 In ev'ry temper you'll have settled ground.



*On the Fifth of November.*

*The SECOND PSALM paraphrased.*

AND why do the factious heathens rage,  
 And jointly in such vain designs engage?  
 Together now all sects tumultuous rise,  
 And their curs'd leaders evil plots devise:  
 "Our bands let's break," they impiously say,  
 "And cast the ignominious cords away;

E

"To

" To *one* man's will no longer slaves we'll be ;  
 " Each man is man, and each man should be free."  
 Oh ! how unjust these reasons to a mind  
 Fraught with the noble love for human kind ?  
 A British prince our liberty protects,  
 And charms us to the bliss a slave neglects :  
 The Lord shall laugh at this ignoble pride,  
 And thro' all perils his vicegerent guide :  
 Wrathful destruction he to those shall deal,  
 Who plot to overthrow the public weal.  
 Behold 'twas I, triumphant, in despite  
 Of lawless fury and ungovern'd might,  
 That set my son on Sion's lofty hill !  
 —Conspiring rebels !—'Twas Jehovah's will.



*On the Death of ———.*

**T**HE lark, imprison'd in the iron cage,  
 Sees wishful from afar his native sphere,  
 And, fluttering her wings, attempts to fly  
 Around the small region ; but with *forc'd content*  
 Sings mournful ; till, by some kind fate escap'd,  
 She mounts aspiring to her native skies,  
 Forgets her prison, and joins the tuneful choir.  
 Thus fled his soul, closely immur'd awhile  
 In cumbrous matter and a war of pains ;

Longing

Longing to leave its flow decaying flesh,  
Which ruinous discover'd heavenly beams,  
And show'd a prospect of its native skies,  
That calm'd the furling smarts, and sooth'd the pains.  
At length the vital chains, that bound the clay,  
Kind death has broke, and set the captive free,  
To mount unfetter'd on its active wings.

Ye weeping friends ! forbid a tear to rise,  
These briny show'rs will make your sorrows flow !  
Fondly mistaken then, no longer grieve  
That he has lost the joys of riper years ;  
Old age lies fetter'd in the rusty chains  
Of impotent desires and unresisted woes,  
And but remains to stem a tide of cares.

'Tis better to present the blooming rose,  
Than when decay'd, and all its odours lost,  
To waste and throw the nauseous weed away.  
Besides, the firstling victims claim a right  
To sue for pardon, and peculiar grace.  
—Nor is it pleasure, but its airy form he leaves ;  
A world of vice, and tenement of worms.

He leaves behind unnumber'd, untry'd snares,  
Happily 'scap'd.—Like Alexander, who can weep  
Thus soon to conquer ; when the prize is gain'd  
By them who soonest reach the destin'd goal ?

And who the ruffling storms of life subdues,  
Will rise triumphant to A WORLD TO COME.

*On the Death of General WOLFE.*

AMIDST these triumphs, this excess of joy,  
 These acclamations of Britannia's sons,  
 Pause we awhile—and shed one pitying tear  
 (Sad tribute *h*) to the memory of WOLFE.  
 Long as our annals shall themselves endure,  
 So long shall *they* record thy bold exploits.  
 Thy battles, thy renown, thy chivalry,  
 Shall bloom thro' death itself; transmit thy name  
 A lasting monument to future ages,  
 And speak thy praise to nations yet unborn.  
 AMERICA, thro' all her peopled tribes,  
 With admiration shall thy acts recount;  
 Shall tell thy glorious deeds, and hapless fate:  
 How oft thy feet have trod the dreary wilds,  
 Or climb'd with lab'ring steps the summit's top;  
 Sustain'd the scorching of the summer's sun,  
 Or bore the storms of an inclement sky:  
 How, in the midst of charging hosts unmov'd,  
 Thou diest a martyr to thy country's good.

Had'st thou return'd, a grateful people's love  
 Had giv'n thy utmost wishes to thy request;  
 Thy blooming bride, awaiting thy return,  
 Had sooth'd thy love, and soften'd every care:

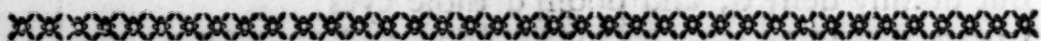
But

But destiny deny'd, and doom'd those eyes  
Which should have view'd those triumphs, to o'erflow  
With piercing sorrows, while thy parents heart  
Is rack'd with anguish; SHE, in plaintive strains,  
Bemoans thy fate, regardless of her own.  
Pattern of heroism! may thy shade  
Rest in those happy aramanthine bow'rs,  
Where joy for ever dwells; there meet reward  
Above the height of sublunary bliss;  
Where mighty warriors from their toils surcease,  
And one long peace thy glorious labours crown.

When to thy memory the marble shrine  
Shall rise with all the awful pomp of death,  
Be thus inscrib'd the monumental stone:

"Here lies in earth, whose soul has reach'd the skies,  
"Brave WOLFE, a chief invincible in war;  
"Britannia's darling son, a friend to all:  
"His work accomplish'd, and his task fulfill'd,  
"This star is now above the stars advanc'd.  
"Dying he dealt destruction on his foes,  
"And France still feels him, tho' he breathes no more."

*Note,* The brave General Wolfe was first wounded in the wrist, next in the rim of his belly; notwithstanding, he still pushed on, till he was mortally wounded in the breast.—His exit compleated the character of the truly brave man, and his dying behaviour made a very deep impression on all the spectators; for when finding himself near his end, he leaned on an officer, and complaining that his eye-sight and strength failed him, desired to know how the day went, and being told that *our army was victorious, and the enemy routed,* he calmly replied, *God be praised, I die in peace!* and expired soon after.



*To Miss B. on her Marriage with Mr. A.*

**M**Y muse again with sacred friendship glows,  
 And fain would scenes of happiness disclose ;  
 To give Suttonia a perspective view  
 Of nuptial bliss, and how she should pursue  
 The paths of peace, which our first parents trod,  
 When they in paradise ador'd their God !  
 Listen, Suttonia, to my artless lays,  
 When \* \* pen thy future life surveys.  
 Now you are robb'd of all your parents' care,  
 The kind instructions of your mother dear,  
 What practis'd arts, what snares are there not laid  
 To catch the innocent, unwary maid !  
 How happy she, whom heav'n has blest  
 With virtue and good sense to be her guest,  
 And join'd with modesty the love of truth,  
 To guard from snares the unexperienc'd youth !  
 More happy still, if with such heav'nly charms  
 This lovely maid some gen'rous bosom warms,  
 Who in hymeneal bands makes her his wife,  
 To soften all the busy cares of life.  
 Whatever can the marry'd state adorn,  
 Shines in Suttonia's mind and beautiful form.

I

O listen

O'listen still, Suttonia, and attend  
 The kind instructions of your once lov'd friend :  
 You're now just enter'd into Hymen's train,  
 And taste the bliss as yet without the pain.  
 You now a lovely, happy bride appear,  
 And all the charms of blooming beauty wear.  
 Happy with Ashby ; no tormenting cares  
 Intrude your breast, or fill your mind with fears.  
 You've vow'd obedience at the holy shrine,  
 To keep the laws of sacred love divine ;  
 The solemn union should your thoughts employ,  
 To seek in that, and that alone, your joy.  
 How quickly will the glass of life be run,  
 And with it all the joys of earth be done !  
 Observe this truth, that happiness below  
 Is rais'd to heav'n, and there does ever flow :  
 They, who in virtue's paths with vigour move,  
 'Tis they anticipate the joys above :  
 To make your partner happy be your care,  
 Nor let your face a gloomy aspect wear ;  
 With gentle carriage still your charms improve,  
 And let not anger e'er your smiles remove ;  
 But thro' each scene of matrimonial life,  
 Be ever you a kind indulgent wife.  
 Long may you live these blessings to enjoy,  
 And nought your health or happiness destroy :  
 Now time obliges me to bid adieu,  
 May every guardian angel wait on you.

\*\*\*\*\*  
*The two following lines, on the death of the late king, were sent  
 to the author by a friend in the country.*

**W**HEN royal George, the best of princes, dy'd,  
 Each Briton shed a tear, and—Virtue sigh'd.

*In answer to which the author sent the following :*

BUT when his royal grandson was proclaim'd,  
 Their eyes awhile from briny tears refrain'd,  
 And Virtue said—"With pleasing joy I see  
 "The youth, who early lov'd and follow'd me,  
 "Mount the imperial throne; Britons, rejoice,  
 "And hail him Father, with one common voice."

\*\*\*\*\*  
*To Miss ———.*

**P**OUR, heav'n, your choicest blessings on my fair;  
 Each morn may some new joy attend the nymph,  
 Long, long to last; may ev'ry anxious friend  
 Her happiness thro' life each moment guard,  
 And ev'ry scene be innocence and love,  
 Mild, chearful, healthful, unallay'd with pain.  
 When cruel death shall end her well-spent life,  
 May angels waft her to eternal bliss.

*On*

On LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PRATT,

(Now LORD CAMDEN.)

**B**RITONS! behold, with reverential awe,

An upright judge, the oracle of law ;

Whose honest heart dares openly declare

That justice, which alone the guilty fear.

Boldly he vindicates fair freedom's cause,

Against the power of arbitrary laws.

Dear Liberty, the darling of our isle,

By him protected, now begins to smile.

Unaw'd by slavish ministers of state,

Untempted by the offers of the great ;

O may the sons of freedom still aspire !

The love of liberty their actions fire !

Then shall Britannia's name once more be fear'd,

And honest PRATT by all good men rever'd.

*Written extempore, on taking the HAVANNAH.*

**N**O more shall Cuba her Havannah boast ;

Her pride, her glory, and her riches lost.

Thy name, O Albemarle, shall ever shine

In British annals to the end of time.

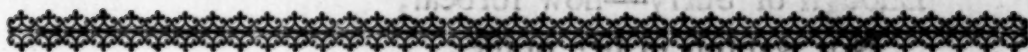


*On the CITY's Choice of Alderman JANSSEN for  
their Chamberlain.*

GREAT City, hail! for commerce high renown'd,  
 With peace, with plenty, and great riches crown'd,  
 Accept your poet's unaffected lays,  
 A foe to flatt'ry; but a friend to praise.  
 Your nice discernment in the late great choice,  
 Was not only yours, but the general voice.  
 Did not a good member deserve your place;  
 Your mayor, sheriff, *friend to human race*?  
 Tho' fortune long had frown'd upon the man,  
 It was the public good was still his plan:  
 To this he sacrific'd his private ends,  
 And for this he deserv'd so many friends.  
 Honesty, the *chief delight of heaven*,  
 To this worthy man was amply given:  
 Content he liv'd upon a small estate,  
 Forgot his former dignity and state;  
 That none should suffer loss by his neglect,  
 Nor be deceiv'd in what they might expect.  
 This shows his truly honest-meaning heart,  
 Which greatly struggled with misfortune's smart.

Let

Let not the worth of Turner or of Till  
Be forgot—in memory may it still  
Remain—some future Chamberlain to raise,  
And be, as Janffen is—the City's praise.



*The* COMPARISON.

LET Surry boast her Richmond Hill,  
Where pleas'd the mind surveys  
The prospect wide, extended still  
Thro' many an endless maze.

The flow'ry meads, which Thames adorns,  
And gently rolls his tide,  
A pleasing prospect always forms,  
Where barges safely ride.

The gardens, call'd by name of Kew,  
Where pleasing walks invite ;  
And spacious temples rise to view,  
Whose beauties all delight.

And gardens of a British king  
Do well deserve a place,  
In which there is every thing  
That need a garden grace.

Nor should the park unnotic'd be,  
 For contest high renown'd  
 Betwixt the princess Emily  
 And those of Richmond town.

Enough of Surry—now forbear,  
 Nor wanton in her praise;  
 But let a rival county share  
 Some merit in my lays.

Not far from Waltham-Abbey's town,  
 Along a private road,  
 A place there is, but little known,  
 Where should be my abode.

The house on Lucas' hill does stand,  
 And scatt'ring farms furround,  
 And fields and hanging woods command  
 The prospect all around.

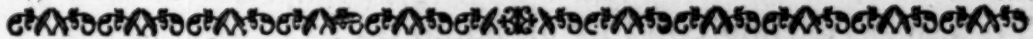
One farm distinguish'd from the rest,  
 Where \**Harold* us'd to dwell,  
 For view extensive seems the best,  
 And does by far excel.

A sloping common now appears,  
 Where tender lambkins feed,  
 With their fond dams of riper years,  
 And geese of cackling breed.

\* King Harold, who lived in that house.

The church is built in rural taste,  
 Which rising hills adorn,  
 And fields of ever-verdant grafs,  
 With those of golden corn.

O! blest retreat for studious mind,  
 From business to retire !  
 And here enjoy the thought refin'd,  
 His wish and long desire !



ADVICE *to the* UNMARRIED LADIES.

**T**O you, ye British fair, my muse complains ;  
 O deign to hear her humble, plaintive strains :  
 Your hearts to tender pity are inclin'd,  
 And all the soft affections rule your mind.  
 'Tis yours to calm the busy cares of life,  
 With all the comforts of a pleasing wife.  
 When the fond youth, enamour'd with your charms,  
 Longs with desire to fly into your arms,  
 Soothes you with all the tenderness of love,  
 And hopes at length those arts with you will move ;  
 Why do you treat him with a cold disdain,  
 That renders all his future wishes vain ?  
 Is his form unpleasing ? his manners rude ?  
 Or his fortune not sufficiently good ?

'Tis

'Tis not these—the contraries are combin'd,  
 And all that's worthy fills his noble mind,  
 Would ye, ye fair, the real causes know  
 Of these complaints, so much prevailing now,  
 Attend, and hear the source from whence they flow.  
 From early infancy you soon are taught  
 Dress to regard, your sole and only thought:  
 To please your parents then are gaily drest,  
 And strive in fineness to outvie the rest.  
 The fond parent's heart with sudden joy is fir'd,  
 To hear his darling child by all admir'd;  
 Nor thinks how soon the seeds of pride are sown,  
 Or what mischief to his girl thereby is done.  
 When years increase, to boarding-school you go,  
 And there with each other strive to vie in show.  
 When the fond mistress with her tender care  
 To church advances, or to take the air,  
 How swells each bosom with a secret pride,  
 To be thought the finest of the female tribe!  
 Then at the play, the op'ra, or the ball,  
 How pleas'd to be seen, and admir'd by all!  
 Hence admiration is your only aim,  
 To be admir'd, not lov'd, your eager fame.  
 If this be true, with haste amend your plan,  
 If e'er you hope to gain the worthy man;  
 Nor scorn his worth, by all your friends approv'd,  
 He may without disgrace by you be lov'd.

Trust

Trust not to beauty, it will soon decay,  
 And all your boasted charms will fade away.  
 Then unregarded pass your future days,  
 Secure from vain flattery, love, or praise :  
 No fond husband does your care engage,  
 No children to protect your feeble age.  
 You who enjoy the pride of blooming youth,  
 Find out a man of honour join'd with truth ;  
 Let joyful Hymen join your willing hands  
 In wedlock's soft endearing bands.  
 May ev'ry blessing crown the joyful day  
 On which you gave your hand and heart away.  
 Your sex at length, by your wife conduct taught,  
 Will learn to follow your example as they ought.  
 This is your poet's wish, who hopes in time  
 That matrimony will not be held a crime ;  
 And that the joys of husband and of wife  
 Will prove the greatest happiness in life.

*The CHOICE of a WIFE.*

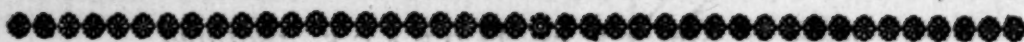
O Could I find (grant heaven that soon I may)  
 A girl that's fair, kind, musical and gay;  
 Whose love should blaze unfully'd and divine,  
 Lighted at first by the bright blaze of mine;  
 Free from all sordid ends, from int'rest free,  
 For my own sake affecting only me;  
 What a blest union both our souls should join,  
 I hers alone, as she was only mine!  
 Blest in her arms, I should immortal grow,  
 Whilst in return I made my dear \* \* so.  
 Sweet, gen'rous favours should our loves express,  
 I'd write for love—and she should love for verse:  
 Not Sacharissa's self, great Waller's fair,  
 Should for an endless name with her compare.  
 She should transcend all that e'er went before;  
 Her praises and her beauty should be more.  
 My verse should soar so high, the world should see  
 I sung for her, and \* \* smil'd on me.

Part of Satire I. in HORACE, imitated.

THERE'S none, MÆCENAS, that contented lives  
 In the station chance or fortune gives.  
 Say, whence these gen'ral murmurs flow,  
 And what the cause of discontent below?  
 Each thinks him happy only who pursues  
 The self-same end, altho' with diff'rent views.  
 The cit, when sick with bus'ness, noise, and strife,  
 Exclaims, how sweet the joys of rural life!  
 Cities by far the greatest pleasure give,  
 The swain replies: 'tis they alone who live.  
 The soldier, when fatigued with march in war,  
 The drums and trumpets sounding from afar,  
 His wounds bleeding afresh: "Happy, he cries,  
 "Is the rich merchant, who with safety tries  
 "To gain a fortune in an easy way."  
 "O happy foldiers!" the merchants say,  
 "The sound of victory now glads their ears,  
 "Or instant death does soon remove their fears." \*

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\* Qui sit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem  
 Senectatio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ  
 Contentus vivat; laudet diversa sequentes?  
 O fortunati mercatores! gravis armis  
 Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore!  
 Contra mercator, navim jactantibus Austris,  
 Militia est potior. Quid enim concurritur? horæ  
 Memento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.  
 Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem est,  
 Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.



To JOHN COLLETT, *Esq;*

SHALL once proud Italy still dare to claim  
 The highest honours in the road to fame?  
 Shall her paintings thro' the world be admir'd?  
 Has art and nature both at once conspir'd  
 To give her pencil all the charms to please,  
 And, join'd with softness, all the grace of ease?  
 Shall Nature by *her alone* rise to view,  
 With all her beauties, and her wildness too?  
 Shall light and shade, so properly combin'd  
 To please the eye, and to inform the mind,  
 Be all her own?—and shall not England name  
 One man aspiring to the height of fame?  
 Tho' Kneller's dead, and Hogarth is no more,  
 Yet COLLETT lives to bless our happy shore:  
 In him true humour does unrivall'd shine;  
 How well he marks in ev'ry face the line,  
 Where Humour holds her ever-smiling throne,  
 And breaks the barriers of dull reason down!  
 O may thy genius more and more expand,  
 And be an honour to its native land!

To



*To the same.*

**C**OLLETT, attend—my lab'ring thoughts express;

Mix well your colours, and contrive a dress:

Let by your art the blended shade and light

Expose the pictur'd passions to the sight:

Let us, th' Almighty's wisdom to unfold,

Man's various changes in a view behold;

The scene of all impartially survey,

And trace the windings of his troubled way.

I'll range my thoughts, while you the canvas strain,

Where words are wanting, bolder lines must feign.

Irradiate my mind, celestial light,

Lead me, oh lead me to thy awful height!

To reach the skies, whilst I ambitious aim,

And the great artist from his works proclaim:

Purge off th' infectious stains of human ways,

Lest I debase the pow'r I mean to praise!

Now let's begin, my friend, the vast design,

And in each stroke our mutual fancies join.

In fainting colours, and but just in view,

In yon small corner place the happy two;

The decorations might your fancy show,

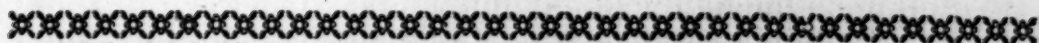
Yet all that space must be for scenes of woe.

In various colours of a lovely hue,  
 Show heaven's expansion to their rising view ;  
 Let gay enamell'd flow'rs of various kinds  
 Mingle their beauties to delight their minds ;  
 In joy too let the feather'd warblers share,  
 Rise in their notes to charm the list'ning pair :  
 Let ev'ry savage beast a mildness show,  
 Croud round their lords, and couch below :  
 Let in their reach a stately tree be plac'd,  
 Inscribe its virtues, and forbid its taste.

Thus plac'd, can ever happy Adam fall !  
 All things around him, and the lord of all :  
 But one injunction to his will is giv'n,  
 To show dependance, and a king in heav'n.

But yet, oh how I tremble while I speak !  
 Blind erring man this only one did break.





On EPICK POETRY.

'TIS sung, in fabled style, by bards of old,  
 That Midas chang'd whate'er he touch'd to gold.—  
 —More can the epick bard—more large his pow'r,  
 Who calls to being each past glorious hour.  
 The hero, whom the grave had freed from pain,  
 Touch'd by that hand, remounts to life again;  
 The vital fire anew his fancy feeds,  
 And stamps eternity on mortal deeds.——

See! there he leads th' embattled troops to war,  
 And bleeds afresh at each important scar:  
 Lo! how he struggles with opposing ill!  
 Lives in each pompous line, and conquers still:  
 Success still follows, where he draws the sword,  
 And nations tremble at his awful word.  
 At length, adorn'd with laurel wreaths and bays,  
 (The wonted trophies of success and praise)  
 Home rides the victor in triumphal car,  
 With spoils of mighty princes slain in war.  
 Each conquest there advanc'd his growing state,  
 And distant nations own'd him good and great,  
 Who, whilst he rules in dignity and ease,  
 Sue humbly to his throne for terms of peace.

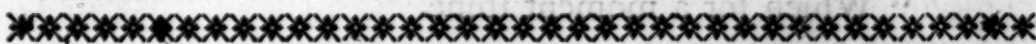
Blest is the hero who deserves such praise,  
 And blest the bard in his immortal lays.

## OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

**A**MIDST the silence of sequester'd shades,  
 To Pallas sacred, and the Thespian maids,  
 For thee, \* \*, the poet tunes his lyre ;  
 O listen to the strains thy charms inspire.  
 Urg'd by a love to know, in early youth  
 I trod the solitary maze of truth ;  
 And wrapp'd in contemplation with the sage,  
 By the dim taper turn'd the midnight page.  
 Love smil'd malignant, and his keenest dart  
 Unerring aim'd, it quiver'd in my heart.  
 Pale science, hence—she comes, a noble guest,  
 \* \*, sole mistress of my panting breast :  
 Yet cruel, dost thou scorn the muse's pray'r,  
 The muse was ever friendly to the fair :  
 For what joys then shall you, sweet maid, retire,  
 To reign the idol of a rustic 'squire ?  
 Oh ! buy not husband at such vast expence,  
 Nor sell to money, beauty, youth and sense.  
 Or is thy fate to suffer humble clowns,  
 Sighing unpolish'd love in grating tones ?  
 Ah ! rather pity elegant distress,  
 Which flowing numbers tunefully express.

A heart

Your tender heart at strains like these should melt,  
 Politely utter'd, as sincerely felt;  
 Oh, Love! supreme of blessings here below!  
 Source of our joy, and balm of human woe!  
 No more on earth-born souls profusely waste  
 Thy gifts, too delicate for them to taste.



LOVE and FANCY. *An ODE.*

LOVE and Fancy on the wing,  
 Once jostled in their flight;  
 Says Fancy, "Love, thou poor blind thing,  
 "For once I'll set thee right."

"That voice, alas! says Love, I know;  
 "But pr'ythee, Fancy, why  
 "Should I by thy directions go,  
 "Who in meanders fly?"

"'Tis thou that injur'd hast my name  
 "With thy delusive art;  
 "And when I've lit the lambent flame,  
 "You've wand'ring set the heart.

"Thro'

- " Thro' all the windings of the brain  
 " A poison you distil ;  
 " Which makes my best endeavours vain,  
 " And still frustrates my will.  
 " Short-sighted mortals oft mistake  
 " Thy impulses for mine ;  
 " And ev'ry eye its beauty makes,  
 " Which for a moment shine.  
 " The next new object has its charms,  
 " Obliterates the past ;  
 " Variety the sense disarms,  
 " The fairest is the last."

*Paræneticum*

*Paræneticum ad adolescentes.*

**N**E putâris, adolescens, istam tuam ætatem teneram, quæ quasi tempus est matutinum vitæ, in persequendis voluptatibus collocandam: quin potius artibus et disciplinis percipiendis eam infumis. Neque ullam tibi jacturam facere suademus; revera enim nulla neque major neque honestior voluptas, quam quæ ex doctrinæ studiis percipitur; quippe quæ non solum nativa quadam dulcedine permulceant animum, verum ad laudem etiam, atque gloriam, firmioris ætatis oblectamenta, viam muniant commodissimam. Qui in Olympico certamine studebat cursu metam contingere, puer faciebat atque ferebat multa: honorem vero ac famam perennem, quæ in studiorum curriculo præmia sunt proposita, quicumque assequi velit, hunc itidem, ut ne sibi iners sit puerilis ætas, cavere maxime oportet. Quin tu mox, carceribus ruptis, summa pernicitate cursum conficere properas: frustra enim vir omnibus votis exposces, quod puer contempseris. Nulla posthac æque felix continget ætas, ad imbibenda literarum ac pietatis semina.

“ Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem

“ Testa diu.”

Quicquid nunc didiceris tenacissime ac diutissime memoriâ inhærebit. Quæcunque ætati cereæ puerorum imago fuerit

H

im-

impressa, per omne deinceps reliquum vitæ tempus manebit.  
 Haud facile pristinam vitæ consuetudinem relinques, aut illos  
 dedisces mores, quibus ab ipsis assueveris incunabulis. Mos  
 enim et consuetudo in alteram quasi naturam cito transeunt.  
 Exemplo sunt avium pulli, et ferarum catuli; hos namque  
 si domi nutrias, feritatem brevi deponunt, neque formidant  
 hominum occursum; atque adultis etiam manet cicur inge-  
 nium. Haud dissimili ratione, qualis fuerit puerorum in-  
 stitutio, tales erunt virorum mores: et quibus artibus ani-  
 mum adiunxerit ætas tenera, easdem etiam senilis exercebit.  
 Quocirca praviæ adolescentiæ libidini acrius resistendum;  
 atque adeo omnibus vitiis quæ probro ac dedecori futuræ  
 essent. Etiam reipublicæ interest maxime ut puerorum  
 proba sit disciplina; cui, dixit Tullius, se nullum posse ne-  
 que majus neque melius asferre munus, quam docendo et  
 erudiendo juventutem. Ne te pigeat igitur, adolescens,  
 aliquid suscipere laboris, quo bonus fias civis, utilis patriæ,  
 atque jucundus amicis. Nec te capiat tædium, quod de-  
 bitos studiorum fructus in præsentia decerpere nequeas.  
 Tua messis adhuc est in herba; in maturas fruges mox fal-  
 cem immittes. Animum vero cave despondeas, quod su-  
 dorem, ut ait poëta, ante virtutem dii posuerint. Nihil  
 est in vita tam arduum ac difficile, quod non industriæ et  
 assiduo labori cedat. Qui constanter urget propositum,  
 huic statim labor minuitur: qui vero, molestia deterritus,  
 opus intermittit, et operam et oleum, quod aiunt, ille  
 perdit. Omnia pigris et ignavis difficilia; res etiam factu  
 facillimæ videntur illis Herculeas vires poscere. Ab istius-  
 modi

modi hominibus nihil unquam laudabile efficitur. Gnavus et studiosus puer, quamvis primi conatus sibi minus prospere cefferint, non abjicit spem, neque susceptum opus deserit: quinetiam animi ardor inflammatur, et studium magis erigitur, donec omnes exsuperet molestias, ac victor domum evadat. Bos difficilis et indomitus haud primo jugum patitur, nec ferox equus ore franos admittit: agricolæ cura tamen et studio, alter grave pondus aratri trahit; alter equitem dorso vehit. Quid aqua mollius? quid saxo durius? parvula tamen aquæ gutta cavat, assidue cadendo, durissimam filicem. Troja decem annis quidem omnes Græcorum impetus contudit: tandem vero, dum labores patienter ferunt, capta est. Invias aliter Alpes, labore ac solertia superavit Hannibal: Demosthenes naturali oris vitio balbutiens, factus est clarissimus orator. Quibus in cœlum gradibus ascendit Hercules? rebus nimirum strenue gestis, et assiduis laboribus. Nihil egregium et memorabile, sine magno labore, vita mortalibus dedit. Quicumque vult igitur honores, laudem, atque famam comparare, nocte dieque studiis incumbat, invigilet, inhareat. Est aliquis qui cum Plinio tempus omne perire putet, quod studiis non imperiatur? *ante reges ille stabit, non ante viros humiles.* Quin pergis igitur, studiose adolescens: ne metuas asperam eruditionis viam: ut enim rosa suavissima in spinosis vepribus nascitur, ita ex laboribus durissimis fructus percipiuntur dulcissimi.

## DE PEREGRINATIONIBUS.

*Nequicquam Deus abscidit**Prudens oceano dissociabili**Terras : si tamen impiæ**Non tangenda rates transfliunt vada.*

JAm dudum in patria nostra mos invaluit, adolēscētes, postquam in schola et academiis idoneum tempus studiis dederant, jamque satis exculsi doctrina putabantur, in Galliam et Italiam per aliquot annos peregre mittendi : nec ullus satis liberaliter institutus habebatur, qui Romam atque Lutetiam nunquam vidisset. Neque absurda fuit illorum opinio, qui ad abstergendam scholæ rubiginem conducere maxime arbitrabantur, si quis in celebritate ac variis hominum cœtibus versaretur. Nostri autem temporibus, hæc consuetudo in furorem prope versa est.

Quid, obsecro, est aliud, pueros adhuc nascentes trans maria et Alpes relegare, qui, solertis ad exemplum Ulyssis, hominum multorum mores et urbes videant, ac ne pædagogum quidem comitem addere, qui inter alpha ac beta distinguere, de quibus ambigunt adhuc, eos doceat? Hac ratione scilicet, in senatu, vel in foro, vel in armis, postea fient insignes. Jam enim idonei sunt, qui rerum publica-  
rum

rum status, populorum mores, gentium leges ac jura contemplentur. Illa nimirum ætas, quæ temeraria et imperita est antehac semper habita, per se, hoc ævo felicissimo, satis callet "quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non." Sapientia enim, quæ vix senibus olim contigit, hodie ante pilos venit. Sic fortasse parentibus ac tutoribus se res habere videtur; meo vero judicio, via nulla ne cogitari quidem potest, quæ certius impediatur, ne vel micam unquam sobriæ mentis adolescentes habeant. Perit quippe tempus quod studiis tribuendum esset: atque hinc semper usu venit, ut qui rudis et indoctus peregre abierat, stultus et omnium rerum ignarus, vana tamen cognitionis opinione inflatus, domum revertatur. Neque minor, sæpe, morum ac pietatis, quam prudentiæ fit jactura. Quæ tam rigida mens, quam tot oculorum et aurium deliciae, tot blandimenta, non moveant et flectant? Omnium hominum ingenium, adolescentum vero maxime, pronum est et proclive ad libidinem. Usquamne igitur majore cum periculo versetur illorum ætas, quam ubi hospites et incogniti, nullorum oculos reformidant; sed metu ac pudore simul cum custode remotis, se totos voluptatibus libere dare possunt? Concedamus itaque ex peregrinationibus utilitatis aliquid colligi, haud tutius illud adolescentes inde percipiunt, quam qui mel quærens, inter apum aculeatum agmen manum nudam inferat.

Procul autem a me abesse volo odiosum istud detractoris nomen. Nolo tacere, quibus virtutibus aucti, quibus artibus instructi, adolescentes huc redire soleant. Didicerunt plerique

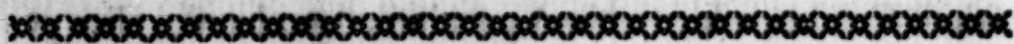
plerique satis commode saltare ; nonnulli etiam tibiis vel fidibus haud inscienter canere ; multos lanista peregrinus gladiaturam docuit ; fere omnes artem tenent, qua verbis cogitationes præcurrant, sermonis vero rerumque tantam plerumque negligentiam ostendant, ut nec qui, nec inter quos, quoque tempore ac loco, verba faciant, scire videantur. Hæc magna quidem sunt ; majora tamen supersunt : siquidem elegantes formarum spectatores facti, Italas meretrices sciunt Gallicis conferre ; earum ~~dotēs~~ et ingenia laudare vel vituperare ; illas præterea diris devovere, ex quibus morbum istum contagiosum, qui per venerem serpit, contraxerint. Norunt quemadmodum ornati Lutetia homines incedant, comas fingant, et loquantur. Hos quippe suspicere et admirari soliti sunt ; dignos scilicet, quos in omni postea vita imitando exprimant. Pudorem etiam, qui hodie rusticitas habetur, dum peregre aberant, prorsus deposuerunt. Estne aliud quid ? ars etiam satis impudenter mentiendi quibusdam non incognita est ; unde fit ut multas res sibi nunquam visas aliis narrent, muneraque et beneficia principum in se collata memorent, ad quorum aures ne nomina quidem eorum pervenerunt. Gallica præterea verba identidem sermoni vernaculo immiscere callent, cujus generis oratio apud nos hodie suavissima ducitur. Quid singula persequar ? in totum adeo mutati, vestibus et moribus tam novis induti, patriam repetunt, ut nec eos amici, nec semet ipsi agnoscant.

Rem ita se habere nemo est qui nescit. Quis ergo non illorum stultitiam, vel insaniam potius, miretur, qui  
cum

cum alios ex peregrinationibus reduces, ineptos, garrulos, ganeones videant, suos tamen filios iisdem periculis objicere minime dubitent? Haud sane pii est parentis de liberorum salute securum esse: nedum poculum, quo hausto alios periisse novit, tam caris pignoribus suis ipsius manibus porrigere. Sed consuetudo, quæ vulgo hominum pro lege est, illis fucum facit; utilitatis specie decipiuntur: sese tamen errare, quod multi in eodem errore sunt, nunquam intelligunt.

In totum igitur, dicat aliquis, peregrinationes damnas? minime gentium; magna etiam in laude ponendum censeo, si quis amore literarum et studio sapientiæ ductus, patriam relinquat. Scio hoc solenne quoddam fuisse et more receptum apud veteres philosophos, ut civitatibus suis relictis, prudentiæ comparandæ gratia, gentes remotissimas adirent. Ad Ægyptum usque, et ultimos orientis populos, Pythagoram constat penetrasse, ut a sacerdotibus Memphiticis et Indorum gymnosophistis mysticæ illorum sapientiæ arcana perciperet, et eorum sacris initiaretur. Idem a Solone, Platone, aliisque, eademque de causa factum fuisse, notum est: eosque illustriores simul et prudentiores in patriam rediisse. Tempus autem cuilibet negotio aptum est; hodie enim, cum pueri sedecim vel octodecim annos nati peregrinationes suscipiant, nemo, sanæ quidem mentis, speraverit fore, ut aliquid discant præter vitia. Quod si adolescentibus peregrinandum est, prius saltem paulo plus temporis studiis impendant: Virgilium saltem legant, antequam Neapolim, tumultum ejus visuri, abeant: Romam autem, orbis terra-

terrarum quondam caput, ne videant, priusquam Ciceronis libros, in quibus magnitudo ejus manet adhuc, evolverint.



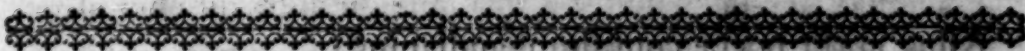
## DE ANIMI NOBILITATE.

AD AMICUM.

**T**U mihi te pusillum facis, et dicis, naturam malignius tecum egisse prius; deinde fortunam. Quid ita? cum possis te eximere vulgo, et ad felicitatem omnium maximam emergere. Num quæ a Stoicis sapienter dicta sunt tibi memoriâ exciderunt? Si quid aliud est in philosophia boni, hoc est, quod stemma non inspicit. Omnes, si ad primam originem revocentur, ab iisdem sunt majoribus. Bona mens omnibus patet; non respicit quenquam philosophia, nec elegit, sed omnibus lucet. Patricius Socrates non fuit. Cleanthes aquam traxit, et rigando hortulo locavit manus. Platonem philosophia non accepit nobilem, sed fecit. Quid est quare desperes his te fieri parem? omnes hi majores tui sunt, si te illis geras dignum. Contemnendi sunt tituli et honores qui hæreditate obveniunt; “virtus sola est et unica nobilitas.” Colis igitur virtutem? nemo te generosior. Virtute cares? nullus te humilior. “Dedecorant bene nata culpæ;” sordes generis abluunt boni mores. In officio colendo vitæ est honestas; in negligendo turpitudine. Es humili loco natus? nihil tamen prohibet quo minus te virtutibus

bus illustres, et claritatem generis, quam a maioribus non acceperas, posteris tuis tradas.

"nam molestum est multum mori"



## DE REBUS ADVERSIS.

**E**XPERTS malorum nemo adhuc fuit; et vita humana molestiis nunquam vacua est. Nihil humani igitur a nobis alienum putemus, neque res adversæ nobis inopinatò accidant; sed legem nascendi cogitantes, quicquid fors tulerit æquo animo feramus. Magni est animi non se dolori submittere, nec victum terga dare; non fortunæ casibus frangi, sed contra obniti et reluctari. Ante oculos obversetur semper Catonis exemplum, qui natum suum cum jam mortuum intueretur, ne lachrymavit quidem; sed tanquam rupes in medio mari immotus stetit, et altero filio superstiti dixit, "Cogita, Porti, vitam non tuam esse, cum Roma tui indiguerit." Præclara sane, et digna tam forti viro sententia. Hunc igitur imitemur; et quicquid adest duri fortiter feramus: siquidem levius fit patientiâ, quod aliter corrigi nequit. "Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt." Animo itaque virili toleremus quod tolerare necesse est; "leve namque cito fit, quod bene fertur onus." Nec iniquiorem aliquis ideo sortem suam iudicet, quod se feliciores alii videantur. Qui nostro iudicio beatissimus,

animò

animo frequenter suo est omnium miserrimus. Verissime quidem dictum,

“Pati necesse est multa mortalem mala.”

Alius igitur poetæ consilium audiamus :

“Nate Dea, quo fata trahunt, retrahuntque, sequamur :

“Quicquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.”

## DE JUSTITIA.

CUM omnis virtus nos ad se alliciat, faciatque, ut eos diligamus in quibus inesse videatur ; justitia tamen id maxime efficit. Hæc omnium mater virtutum habetur, et in tribuendo suum cuique versatur. Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris. Nulla re longius absumus a natura ferarum, quam justitia. In feris inesse sæpe dicimus fortitudinem ; ut in equis et leonibus : justitiam, æquitatem, bonitatem non dicimus ; sunt enim rationis, et orationis expertes. Justitia est semper tuta ; in qua virtutis splendor est maximus ; ex hac boni viri nominantur ; fundamentum est perpetuæ commendationis ; sine qua nihil potest esse laudabile. Nulla res est quæ magis nobis benevolentiam et amorem hominum conciliat, quam justitia. Rex quidam moriens assidentes filios sic admonuit :

non exercitus, neque thesauri, sed amici, sunt regni praesidia : hos autem neque armis cogere, neque auro parare queas ; officio et fide parantur. Justitia est quæ nos docet, id quod utile videtur contemnere, quando honestati repugnat. Qui stadium currit, eniti et contendere debet, quam maxime possit, ut vincat ; supplantare eum quicum certet, aut manu depellere, nullo modo debet : sic etiam in vita, sibi ut quisque malit, quod ad usum pertineat, quam alteri acquirere, concessum est ; aliorum autem spoliis suas opes augere, justitia nemini permittit. In omnibus igitur vitæ negotiis sis justus et æquus. Suum cuique tribuito, non legum imperio, sed tuæ obsequens voluntati.

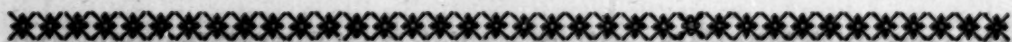
## DE HOMINIBUS MALIS.

**E**Ruditione et justitia felicitatem contineri, Socratis fuit opinio. Injusti autem oculos felicitatis falsa species obæcat ; quæ perspicere prohibet, se, dum alios lædat, maximo damno affici. Non enim amplius animo securo et tranquillo esse potest. Hunc furia scelerum et formido pœnæ noctes diesque cruciant. Quid autem prodest pœnam effugisse ? Animo namque suo pœnarum abunde luit. Magis ibi torquetur, quam qui sub carnificis manu virgis cæditur. Non invenere Siculi tyranni tormentum majus mente sibi male conscia. Improbum quidem virum cum

intuemur, quem purpura vestiatur, quem aurum gemmæque  
ornent, quemque sceptrum manu gestantem numerosa sti-  
pet satellitum caterva, dignus sane videtur cui invidemus?  
Opinione vero multum fallimur; non ista est felicitas; ni-  
hil nisi vanam speciem, et quasi umbram felicitatis vide-  
mus. Non divitiis fit aliquis beatus, sed virtute. Sub  
splendida veste inops atque miser sæpe reperitur animus. Sa-  
pere vis igitur? justitiam perpetuo cole, et quocunque statu  
sint res tuæ, ut Poëta optime monet,

“ Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,

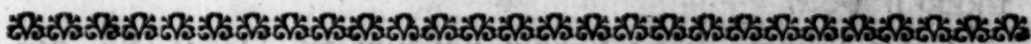
“ Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.”



## DE REBUS RARIS.

**T**ALIS hominum natura, tale est ingenium, ut ea quæ  
nova vel rara magis appetant, quam quæ vulgaria, et  
in medio sunt posita. Sapienter quidem a natura compara-  
tum est, ut ea, quæ maxime erant necessaria mortalium  
vitæ, ex quibus hominum commoda et utilitates maximæ  
originem ducunt, communia, et omnibus parata essent.  
Non autem tanti æstimationur, neque tam cara habentur,  
quam quæ rariora, licet minus utilia. Quid est quod au-  
rum et gemmas pretiosissima judicamus? Adamantem quid  
in tanta æstimatione ponit? rara nempe sunt. Sed ut  
crambe

crambe bis cocta stomachum offendit, ut cibus quotidie appositus a nobis sæpe temnitur, sic gemma sperneretur pretiosissima, si lapidum instar in plateis calcaretur. Vere igitur dictum, carum est quod rarum est; et natura hominum novitatis avida. Si studium est itaque sermone homines delectare, ne indocti vulgi lingua utamur; sed culte ornatèque loqui sedulo conemur.



## DE STATU FUTURO.

**N**E dubitemus amplius; clamat assidue profanum vulgus, an status erit alter? necne in aliud tempus differamus opportunitatem feliciter, suaviterque vivendi, cum multi fuerint et nunc sint homines ob ingenium et doctrinam clarissimi, qui talis necessitatem status rejiciunt et repudiant: Proh dolor! si populus recte judicare posset, facile dignosceret, hos homines, vel novitatis amore vel jactatione humanarum litterarum et egregii ingenii seductos (per quæ absurditatem maximam defendere se posse arbitrati sunt) insanum hoc dogma in lucem protulisse, quo habenas voluptatis et affectuum laxius tenerent, et ut nulla impedimenta opponerentur, quæ ad voluptatem intercluderent aditus: talibus enim tam clare elucet et effulget immortalitas, ut mentis aciem hebetet; sicut qui acriter oculis

lis meridianum solem intuentur, visum omnino amittunt. Non admittentes lumen quod natura illis ostendit, incertam pratentant viam in obscuritate, cum timore et periculo. A duce tamen natura quò longius aberramus, eò magis incerta et obscura fiunt omnia, donec ad illam tandem ingratius redire coacti, status futurus nobis ante oculos perspicue appareat. Nulla enim gens tam fera, et immanis, nemo tam barbarus fuit, cujus animum hæc opinio non quodammodo imbuat.

Extra omnem dubitationem positum est, DEUM esse, qui perfectionum infinitarum fruitione æternè beatus sit; qui omnium suprema sit causa; qui ad finem aliquem sapienter omnia dirigat; qui homines potissimum curet, protegat, tueatur: positoque hoc fundamento necessario, sequitur, eum ad communicandam humano generi felicitatem creandi facultatem exercuisse; statum scilicet cuique tribuendo naturæ ejus congruentem. Ad felicitatem autem acquirendam, omnes modos qui in hoc statu inveniri possunt, sequentibus argumentis luculenter patebit, incongruos, incommodos, minimeque ad eum finem idoneos esse.

Inter clarissimas quasque rationes quæ in natura eluceant, ad immortalitatem hominis probandam, nulla profecto neque validior nec gravior visa, quam quæ conditionis et status nostri contemplatione oritur.

Est humani generis jactata libertas, suas gubernare vitas, bonum eligere, malum recusare; hoc autem perficere non possumus, nisi ad metam aliquam tendant actiones nostræ. Deliberare itaque nos decet, quis sit dignissimus et optimus

mus finis, apud quem, omnium opinione, felicitas collocari judicatur. Omnes autem plerumque in contrarias sententias de hac re distrahuntur, an in virtutis cultu, aut effrenata voluptatum fruitione, an in contemplatione rerum, aut agendo, felicitas constet; et suis opinionibus de bono maxime dissentiunt. Absurdum certe est existimare hujus vitæ felicitatem ultimum esse terminum laborum omnium nostrorum et studiorum, cum ignoremus quid illa sit, et quo modo assequamur quod cæci persequimur. Quam confusa et perturbata essent omnia, si homines multo cum sudore et labore vitæ spatium decurrerent, sine ulla meta destinata, aut designata via? Quanti errores? quot essent languidi, cum nulla præmia viderent deposita?

Ponamus autem nos esse quod ad hoc attinet securos; nos scilicet didicisse ad certum scopum dirigere intentiones nostras; quoties tamen nobis obtingunt inopinati eventus, quos nullum consilium, nulla cura aut sapientia, provideat? Quæ pacem, facultates, vitam denique in periculum adducunt, in assequendis iis quæ ad fastidium et dolorem convertit possessio. Offerunt se exempla pene infinita ad hoc probandum, calamitates nostras votorum et fruitionum naturales esse consequentias. Hoccine est divinum factum aut inceptum? Hæccine benevolentia Creatoris? Præterea, tantamne rem tam negligenter ageret DEUS? Ah hominum lamentabile genus! sed gemitus et suspiria missa faciam, et ad alia argumenta me convertam.

Nonnulli (modos esse finem existimantes) pro virtutis excellentia, ut antea dixi, strenue contenderunt: si autem

in

in hac nostra felicitas est (quæ quidem jure summo videtur hoc sibi arrogare) quanto tamen temporis vitæ hujusce brevis dispendio, quam multa opera hominibus constabit impressiones delere et extirpare, quas aut institutio, aut consuetudo, aut affectus seminârunt? quandoque hoc opus, hic labor perfectus fuerit, inveniemus difficile esse et incommodum contra proximorum opiniones agere.

Contra, quantis sub anxietatibus, fraudis, expectationis et conscientiae laborant, qui luxuria diffluunt, et molliter et delicate vivunt? obliti se tam rationis quam sensus esse participes, venientes à Circae poculo, in bestias degenerant. Corpus assidue onustum crapulae vitiis prægravat unaquoque animum, atque istam auræ divinæ particulam affigit humo: illorum præterea intemperantia morbis corpus contaminat, et brevi tempore se in sepulchrum præcipitant; adeo ut hæc felicitas ruinam efficiat.

Qui summum bonum in rebus agendis vel contemplandis collocant, ambiguitatem et vitæ brevitatem perpenderent; cum priusquam illorum victoriæ, illorum molimina consummantur, redeant in nihil. Et quid est, quæso, præter pallentia cadavera et incensas urbes, quod ad hanc viam assequendæ felicitatis aliquem fortem trahere et invitare possit? Hæccine autem sunt grata spectacula homini ratione et humanitate præditi? Si ad hunc fontem felicitatis se pervenire putent, rivos cædis et sanguinis oporteat pernatere; nos autem lucidam illam aquam contaminaturos esse maxime veremur. Si ab his pendeat humana felicitas, cur non sunt certa et perpetua? si sepulchrum nobis omnia aufert, et

in eadem trutina ponit omnes, quid sibi vult æmulatio illa nobilis? Cur sibi quisque invicem tam strenue studeat? Quid prodest incultum et rudem animum fingere artibus ingenuis? Consilium, ratio, et sapientia dari nobis videntur ad nos evehendos, tantum ut insignior sit casus; hæc vera est calamitas, hoc est Sisyphi saxum per arduum attollere.

Porro, cum miseriis laboramus, cum corpus debilitatum et confectum est; cur amplius vivere expetimus, tametsi dictum sit, et credamus, nullos dolores, nullas afflictiones sepulchro inesse? Cur timore et anxietate cruciamur, cum agimus infra naturam nostram?

Ad hæc infortunia, quæ facie tam horribili nobis quotidie se obviam dant, gravius accedit alterum, timor mortis scilicet; hæc est humani generis invicta et intolerabilis calamitas: hic restat actus; in hoc elaborandum est: si cogitemus enim mortem nostræ felicitatis rivos clausuram esse, haustus cum fastidio gustabimus, et suavitas illa incredibilis acescet, quamvis iterum elatis dictis et paradoxis nos consolare studeamus. Nonnulli simulent; est nihilominus spes immortalitatis, quæ nubila timoris dissipet et amoveat.

Pellantur ergo pravæ istæ, et pene aniles ineptiæ, quæ Naturæ voci, quæ DEI attributis repugnent.

Omnia hæc autem a me vel leviter delibata, vel penitus intacta. Trado lampada doctioribus, quibus hoc argumentum accuratius tractandum, et ex præmissis concludo, statum futurum colligi posset ex lumine naturæ.

in eadem virtute possit omnia, quod sibi vult, et vult  
nobilitas? Cur non cupit invicem tam sibi, et  
Quid prodest incultum et rusticum animum fagere artibus  
ingeniis? Camillus, ratio et sapientia dant nobis videtur  
ad nos et ad eos, tantum ut intelligat de causa; hoc vult  
est calumnias, hoc est si quid sciam per artem attolere.  
Porro, cum meritis laboramus, cum corpus debilitatum  
et confectum est; cum simpliciter vivere cupimus, tamen  
dilectus, et est, nullus dolor, nullas afflictiones  
reputamus? Cur timore et anxietate cruciamur, cum  
agnus in manus nostras?  
Ad hoc respondit, cum sitis tam horribili nobis quo-  
dammodo, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis,  
solent, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis,  
lamenta; in hoc elaborandum est; in hoc  
glebas cum mortem agere, felicitas, et clarum  
est, hanc cum felicitate gustamus, et pariter in  
credibilem, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis,  
non confectus, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis,  
tantum, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis,  
anxietas.  
Respondit ergo, prope illud, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis,  
vult, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis,  
Quia hoc vult, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis,  
intus, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis,  
et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis,  
sunt, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis, et cum sitis.

## C H A R A C T E R.

**A** Youth there was, with native genius fraught,  
 Who learnt at \* Colerne school whate'er was taught:  
 When fifteen years of age his father dy'd,  
 For whom, with reason great, he often cry'd,  
 But all his briny tears were shed in vain;  
 His worthy father ne'er shall live again  
 In this vain world: tho' yet I hope his dust  
 Will be rais'd again, and join the good and just.  
 If manly sense, with ev'ry pleasing grace,  
 An easy gesture, and an honest face;  
 If skill in phyfic, and the lib'ral arts,  
 Can please mankind, and captivate their hearts,  
 Then SUMMERS (tho' dead) does nobly claim  
 Everlasting honour and never-dying fame.  
 His son to the law now bent his eager mind,  
 And Coke with Littleton he often join'd;  
 But when his legal bus'ness would permit,  
 He read the Classics and all books of wit.  
 Men of wit and learning he admir'd,  
 And their company he always most desir'd.  
 Tho' fools he sooth'd for his own private gains,  
 Yet he ne'er thought them worthy of his pains.

When twice five years elaps'd his master dy'd,  
 His friend, his patron, and his youthful guide.

K

Him-

\* A village in Wilts, about six miles from Bath.

Himself he offer'd for his master's place,  
 And much depended on his real case,  
 Which soon was publish'd to the busy world,  
 Tho' many threat'nings in his teeth were hurl'd;  
 These he despis'd, and with more vigour strove  
 To gain his friends, and to secure their love.  
 At length the great day, big with SUMMERS' fate,  
 Approach'd-----tho' sorrow never comes too late,  
 And all our happiness too soon decays  
 By many unforeseen and various ways:  
 Yet joy serene then fill'd his breast,  
 And all his passions then were lull'd to rest.  
 Long while he doubtful stood—Fame reach'd his ears  
 That he was duly chose—he shed some tears.

To the Great GOD—not him give all the praise,  
 Who with joy the afflicted heart can raise.  
 May all his life with manly vigour move,  
 His GOD to serve and all his friends to love!  
 When cruel Death shall lift her dart,  
 May he ne'er fear the pang or feel the smart!  
 “ Quietly sleep out the sabbath of his tomb;  
 “ And wake to raptures in a life to come!”

\*\*\*\*\*M

### An E P I T A P H.

**H**IS head now rests on a little earth:  
 His Virtue and his Genius to his friends were known:  
 Fair Science smil'd when Nature gave him birth,  
 And Benevolence lov'd him as her own.

The

The following Lines were sent to the AUTHOR before his  
Manuscript was printed.

*Veritas prevalebit*

IN pity, Sir, in pity don't refuse  
The grateful tribute of an humble muse;  
Conscious how much below you she is plac'd;  
Conscious how great your worth; how highly grac'd  
With genius, wit! with eloquence and sense;  
To praise the good, and lash impertinence—  
To these great talents add a noble mind,  
Humane, polite, benevolent, and kind.  
Such are thy virtues—such thy life may be  
From sickness, sorrow, and from trouble free.  
Think not I flatter, or I tune my lyre  
With borrow'd phrase to fan poetic fire:  
Believe me, flattery I shall ever scorn;  
But SUMMERS' worth can always praise adorn,  
Who ne'er one step in vicious paths has trod,  
True to his friend, and faithful to his God;  
So vers'd in men, in letters, and in law,  
Thro' all his actions \* *Life* can't find one flaw.  
Despise that *Life*, whose mean devices prove  
Him void of honour, friendship, truth, and love,  
Whose every action speaks him poor and base,  
With envious malice pictur'd in his face:

His

\* Mr. *Life* (the Attorney) opposed the Author in a place of profit about twelve years ago, for which he was a candidate; and, the Author having gained his election, Mr. *Life* opposed him a second time. *Quere.* Whether the second opposition was not base and unworthy?

His face just index to his fordid mind  
 As if kind Heav'n, when forming  
 To paint his heart in his ill-favour'd  
 To shew that ~~every~~ <sup>his</sup> he fordid  
 No more of him—his conscience  
 The place he merits, whether he  
 The latter seems to suit him best  
 So *Life* beware, lest soon the Dev  
 No bail he'll take, nor no demur  
 Who can dispute to give the Dev  
 Then, sure as death, poor *Life* h  
 Dear SUMMERS pardon this sati  
*But truth prevails, and truth we*

Now farewell, Sir : thrice hap  
 Your mother, sister—should you  
 May she be good, be rich, be cha  
 And lisping babies bless the worth  
 Once more farewell—Pray pardon  
 And, when you read it, kindly t  
 These stupid lines, nor let them c  
 To dash a muse, who now sits tr  
 For all the errors, which at once  
 In his insipid, fireless poetry—

One boon I beg, and earnestly  
 The writer's name you never will  
 Perhaps you'll guess wrong : then  
 Guess as you will, beware of nam



did mind;  
 forming him, design'd  
 favour'd look,  
 e forlook—

ience best can tell  
 er heav'n or hell.

best of all;

e Devil call.

emur will do

e Devil his due;

Life he must have you,

is satiric strain;

*h we must maintain—*

e happy be your life,

ld you take a wife,

be chaste and fair!

worthy pair.

pardon this essay;

ndly throw away

hem e'er appear

sits trembling here,

once you'll see

neftly entreat,

er will relate;

: there's of hope a ray:

of names, I pray.

PHILANDER.

